

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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## THE BENEFIT OF A BIRTH-MARK

In June, 1867, while General Custer, with his command, was at the forks of the Republican river, in western Kansas, and the Indian war had fairly begun, I was doing duty with several others as a scout. On the morning of the 19th a young man named Robinson reached the camp and reported that he with three others had been hunting to the west of us and had been stampeded by the Sioux Indians. One had been killed, as he believed, while the others had made a dash for it and scattered, each taking his own course. Robinson had blundered upon our camp after riding all night.

Custer was at this time hopeful of making peace with the redskins, and the camp at the forks would be permanent for at least a fortnight. It was with this understanding of the situation that I set out with Robinson, after he had had an all day's rest, to hunt up his stampeded companions and bring them in. We left camp just after dark, both of us heavily armed, and rode straight to the west. As I had never seen Robinson under fire I was more anxious than if one of my fellow scouts had been with me, but in the course of a couple of hours I made up my mind that he had plenty of nerve and could be depended on. As near as he could judge his party was 30 miles west of the forks when stampeded. At midnight, after an easy canter of five hours, we halted, dismounted and went into camp for the remainder of the night, believing we were close upon the spot where the hunters were attacked. Both of us slept from that hour until just before sunrise.

We had a cold bite for breakfast and had scarcely mounted our horses when we caught sight of the carcass of a horse lying on the plains about a quarter of a mile away. As soon as we reached it Robinson identified the animal as having been the one he saw fall as the stampede began. His rider was a man named McHenry, who had previously been employed as a civilian at Fort Larned. The buzzards and wolves had been at the carcass, but we made out that the horse had received three bullets and dropped in his tracks. Saddle, bridle and all other portable property had been removed. Robinson estimated that the attacking party numbered 50. After half an hour's search I put the number at 20. He believed that all who dashed away were pursued. I found that none of them had been followed over half a mile.

Had McHenry been killed or seriously wounded by the volley which killed his horse his body would have been found lying beside the carcass. As it was not I reasoned that he had been captured unhurt and taken away a prisoner. The trail of the Indians led to the north, as if making for the south fork of the Platte river, and we followed it at a cautious pace. At the end of five miles we came to a spot where the band had encamped for the night. It was on the banks of a small creek, in a scattered grove, and the first thing we saw was the dead body of McHenry. The Sioux had declared their anxiety for peace and were professing the greatest friendship for the soldiers. Indeed, Pawnee Killer had visited Custer to shake hands and signed a declaration of peace. While the old hypocrite was declaring and protesting his whole tribe was making ready for war and indulging in atrocities. While the chief was "how-hoing" in Custer's camp and declaring his love for the white man, one of bands only 30 miles away was subjecting a hunter to the most agonizing tortures. They cut out his tongue, blew powder into his body, cut off toes, broke all his fingers, picked him with knives and finally ended by scalping him. He must have suffered many hours before death finally came as a glad relief. The body was not yet cold when we found it, and there were evidences that the Indians had not been gone more than an hour.

Of the two who stampeded and got clear, one went to the northeast and the other to the northwest. Robinson had held due north and thus reached our camp, although he was not aware of its location.

We took up the trail of the one going to the northeast, believing that he was in the greatest danger. He went at a wild pace for at least ten miles, never seeming to have looked back and discovered that pursuit had been abandoned or to have turned to the right or the left to throw the redskins off his route after darkness came. It took us three hours to cover the distance he rode in one, as we expected to see Indians at any moment. About twelve miles from the spot where we found McHenry's horse we came upon that of Jackson, whom we were following to the northeast. The wild ride had exhausted the animal and as he fell down Jackson had abandoned him and pushed along on foot. The animal was on his feet and grazing as we found him, but so lame that he could scarcely move. We removed the saddle and blankets and found Jackson's revolvers in the holsters.

From this point we had no trail to guide us, and the ground was badly out up with ridges and washouts. We rode forward during the rest of the day, hoping to overtake the man and neglecting no precautions to insure our own safety. Just at sundown we followed a dry gully up a long ridge and debouched from it, seeing a sight which for the moment appeared to be an optical delusion. There were Indians on our right, on our left, in front, and I turned in my saddle to see other Indians closing in behind us. As we halted and looked around us many of the redskins expressed their humor by grunts. They had probably been riding to the right and left of us for hours and had finally formed this cul-de-sac for us to ride into.

It was taking a great deal of pains for nothing, but the Indians sometimes exhibit a queer vein of humor. They were not disappointed in thinking we would be surprised.

It was fully two minutes before a chief rode forward and said "How-how" and extended his hand to me, and as he did so the whole body closed in. I am so unfortunate as to be marked on the left temple with that birthmark known as a wine stain, the spot being as large as a silver dollar. My hat was well up, and my hair back as the chief rode up, and the instant he noticed the mark he let go my hand and said something to those crowding up. Pretty soon he pushed in and touched my face, perhaps thinking the mark to be a wound or sore. Others did the same, and when they found that it was a part of the skin they expressed much wonder and reverence.

While I had served as a scout only a few months I knew considerable of the Indian character and was not long in realizing that I had made a hit. While no violence was offered us we were disarmed and our horses were led behind the ponies of the Indians as we moved off to the east. We traveled until about midnight before halting, and then reached an Indian village on Soldier creek. As we descended from our horses Robinson was led off by two warriors while I was conducted to the wigwam of Red Trail, a subchief in command during Pawnee Killer's absence. I had been busy planning during the ride and had made up my mind to pretend to be without the sense of speech. I found opportunity to whisper to Robinson to pursue the same policy, but unfortunately he had not the nerve to carry out the idea. The fact of his being captured broke him all up. The recollection of what McHenry must have suffered unstrung his nerves, and I heard him begging and entreating as he was carried away.

Red Trail closely examined the mark on my face and was as much mystified as the others. I still had a power in reserve. Having served through the war in the navy it was but natural that I should carry a sailor's passport. On my left arm was a tattoo representing an anchor. This was seen as two warriors stripped my buckskin shirt off to look for further marks. Not an Indian in that camp had ever seen anything like the mark, and when the examination was completed I felt sure that I was looked upon with awe and mystery, if not veneration. I was conducted to a tepee and motioned to turn in and had every reason to congratulate myself on the plan I had pursued. I had made signs that I could not talk, and the

information had been accepted.

Next morning Pawnee Killer arrived in the village. His had agreed to surrender his tribe and go on a reservation, but it was bold faced lying on his part. His very first move was to order the village to pack up and move back about 20 miles. This consumed the entire day. As we were ready to start I received my horse to ride, and my hands and legs were left entirely free. I saw Robinson brought out, and he was loaded down with kettles and led by a rope. At no time during the day was he near enough to exchange a word, but on several occasions I saw him kicked and beaten by the squaws and boys.

It was 9 o'clock in the evening before I was taken into the presence of Pawnee Killer. He seemed to have accepted the belief of the others, and in less than a quarter of an hour waved me out of his wigwam. I may state here what I learned two or three years after, it was the belief of the Indians that I had been struck by lightning as I slept and that the fluid had left the two marks to prove that I lost my speech at the same time and was therefore an object of veneration. I was in nowise hampered or restricted, but I found shelter as soon as possible and was soon asleep. I wanted to do something for poor Robinson, but just how to do it I could not figure. The treatment accorded him during the day did not augur well for the future.

When morning came again, I had a hearty breakfast, and then two old men, armed with only bows and arrows, took me down the creek about a mile and then sat down on the grass. It was an hour or two before I could make out the significance of the move, and then I heard sounds from the direction of the camp which satisfied me that Robinson was put to the torture. One of my guards soon left for the village, and an hour later the other suddenly rose and without a word walked quickly away in the same direction. Unable to make up my mind what to do, I remained where I was during the entire day. In later years I learned from one of the warriors of the fate of Robinson. His tortures lasted nine long hours before he was dispatched.

I had a much closer call than I knew. The two old men who took me out doubted that I was what the others took me for. They had some arrows made on purpose to kill witches and keep off bad spirits, and they were to take me off and see if these arrows would kill me.

In going down the creek one of them came near stepping on a rattlesnake, and this was taken as a sign that they must not shoot. When they returned to the village and reported, it was hoped that I would go away, and therefore no one came near me. As night fell I started off to the west, expecting every moment to be overhauled, putting in a good 20 miles before daylight. I was picked up by a scouting party of cavalry just before noon.

It was about three months after my escape before the Indians learned that I was a government scout and that they had been duped. Red Trail and Pawnee Killer then offered five ponies each to the warrior who should bring in my scalp, and for the next year perhaps I was "wanted" more than any other man on the plains. It was a curious turn of affairs that, while Red Trail had no less than five of his best warriors out on an expedition after me, I crept into his camp one night and secured his own scalp lock, rifle and pony, and got away.

There is one savings bank in New York City which has deposits of more than \$68,000,000, and a surplus of more than \$7,000,000.

It has been found in world's fairs lasting six months that nearly three-fourths of the attendance occur in the last three months.

There have been only eight Chief Justices of the Supreme Court—Jay, Rutledge, Ellsworth, Marshall, Taney, Chase, Waite and Fuller. Three of them—Rutledge, Ellsworth and Marshall—were all named within six years.

## LOS ANGELES, CAL., CORRESPONDENCE.

The deaf of the Los Angeles Association held a beautiful memorial service on the 19th of September, in memory of our late President, in their large hall at the rear of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, which was largely attended. The address was made by Mr. Thomas Widd, the lay reader. Several appropriate hymns, including the favorite ones of the late President, were rendered in graceful signs by the choir, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Buchan, and Mrs. Dahl, greatly affecting the large congregation. Mr. Widd denounced the terrible crime of the assassin in strong terms, and eulogized the noble martyred President in his character as soldier, statesman, husband, and Christian, declaring his belief that future historians would place the name of William McKinley at the head of our list of noble Presidents. Mrs. McKinley came in for a strong expression of sympathy and love in the address, and her tribute of praise of her late husband were quoted in her own words, as follows:

"Do you know Maj. McKinley? Ah, no one can know him, because to appreciate him one must know him as I do. And I am not speaking now of Maj. McKinley as the President. I am speaking of him as my husband. If any one could know what it is to have a sick wife, complaining always, an invalid for twenty-five years, seldom a day well, and yet never a word of unkindness has ever passed his lips; he is just the same tender, thoughtful, kind gentleman I knew when first he came and sought my hand."

"I know him because I am his wife, and it is my proudest pleasure to say this, not because he is President, but because he is my husband."

"A man whose wife can thus speak of her husband," remarked Mr. Widd, "must indeed be a very good man and a true Christian, and happy is the woman who has such a husband. Her heart is now buried with him in the cold, silent tomb, but it is not dead. In paradise the noble soul of William McKinley rests, waiting for his lonely widow to rejoin him, when they both will hear the voice of the Redeemer: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' We only know the late President in his official life, but the inner circle is known only to her who has been his invalid wife for a quarter of a century—a long time to try any good man's heroic patience. To-day a nation stands at the bier of her murdered husband and President, while other nations, far and near, stretch out their hands in affectionate sympathy, mourning with us the loss of one whom the people delighted to honor, one who loved the people so well. Stricken down in a moment by the hand of a cruel assassin, and yielding only after a determined struggle for that life of which the hatred of a fiend would rob him and us, we remember him with reverence, as one who loved his fellowmen. Strong in peace and in war; firm, yet gentle; hating iniquity, but pitying the offender; with charity to all and malice to none. He has gone to his reward, beloved and honored by millions at home and abroad. William McKinley, the third martyred President, represented in himself the IDEAL AMERICAN MANHOOD, and his name is indelibly written upon the hearts of his countrymen. While time may soothe our sorrow, it will but deepen and increase our admiration and respect. He has fought a good fight, his course is finished, and his ears are deaf to the words of love from the one whom he cherished so tenderly, the widow who now sits solitary and alone, bowed down with grief and sorrow. Our President is gone, but the foundation he laid is an enduring one, and generations yet to come will rise up and call him blessed."

Speaking about the assassin, whose name must not pollute the page, Mr. Widd told how the early settlers of Illinois overcame the danger and trouble caused by the great number of rattlesnakes on the prairies. How they banded together, put on thick, high boots, leather gloves, protected their faces with wire masks, and armed themselves with flails and other weapons, and rounded the rattlesnakes up to a large pile of bush straw and dry grass. To this heap the snakes were driven as the circle of flail armed men narrowed. The snakes, large and small, hissed defiance as they retreated to the cover prepared for them. When all were gathered in the mass was fired and the thousands of rattlesnakes hissed and writhed in the roaring flames, and were soon exterminated. For days afterwards, when the fire had burned itself out, the odor of roast snake could be detected, but the reptiles and their deadly poison were banished almost entirely. The anarchists should be treated in the same way, for they are indeed more to be feared than a thousand of reptiles, which strike out only in self-defence, while the anarchists strike at the very existence of good government, law and order, and murder the best men without the least provocation.

The services conducted by Mr. Widd have been held every Sunday all summer, and have been well attended. Several children of deaf parents have been baptized, and he and his daughter stood sponsor for them. Work has been plentiful for all needing it. The summer weather, unlike that in the East, has been delightful and enjoyable.

## DEAF-MUTE ARTIST.

At an art exhibition in Elgin, Scotland, recently, thirty-one pictures by three local artists, were exhibited. One of the artists Mr. John MacNaughton, one of Mr. Widd's old pupils when he was principal of the Mackay Institution at Montreal, who exhibited twenty-one of his pictures, the work of himself, which were highly praised, and were quickly sold at good prices. The experience of Mr. John MacNaughton in studying art in Paris and London may be useful to deaf-mutes desiring to learn that profession. After a careful education at the Mackay Institution with special art lessons, he went to prosecute his art studies at the Slade University, London, where there were over 300 hearing students from all parts of the world. At the last competitive examination, which was severe, he stood second for the first prize, a Persian nobleman carrying off the honor ahead of him, the only deaf-mute in the college. He then went to Paris and met Douglas Tilden, and other American deaf artists. He finished his French art studies and returned to Canada, where he put his knowledge and skill to the severest test to earn fortune and fame. He found that the French style of art did not pay, and was not appreciated even in the French province of Quebec. The Canadians did not want it. He then tried Boston, but with no better result. He then returned to Montreal and devoted himself to Canadian art scenery, and produced a few winter scenes and life in Canada, and put the pictures in art dealer's shop windows. "They sold like hot cakes," he wrote to Mr. Widd, detailing his experience. He made more and they also sold well, from \$10 to \$20. He now discovered his forte and sold about 450 pictures and black and white illustrations of Canadian history and scenery. He had to go with his parents to Scotland, where he now resides. His work in helping the Golf Club in Elgin by an art exhibition raised \$250 (\$3,400). His pictures were nearly all Canadian subjects and were much admired, and he has received many inquiries about his art work.

From the above American deaf embryo artists may learn a valuable lesson. They should shun Paris and French art, and learn to produce good pictures of home life and scenery, which is far superior and abundant than in France. The experience of hundreds of young artists who have gone to the expense and labor of studying in Paris, only to result in loss and disappointment, has gone to confirm what Mr. MacNaughton says. There are plenty of studios in the United States as good or better than can be found in Paris, and they should be encouraged to stay at home and try their skill for fortune and fame. Merit tells, and if they exert their utmost efforts in America they will do well.

Mrs. R. D. Livingston's mother has come to live with her in Los Angeles, and she is as happy as an angel in this earthly Paradise. Her daughter, nearly two years old, is a charming little tot and the delight of their pretty little home.

Prof. H. D. Reaves began his

services again to the outsiders yesterday (Memorial Day) after a long summer vacation. His services are fortnightly, and it is hoped he will do some good, as he possesses a dramatic talents that would please the most exacting lover of pantomime.

Mr. Westcott, formerly pupil of Minnesota School, Miss Henry and other deaf people, have been added to our circle.

PHILOCOPHUS.

## The Mann Family Reunion.

INTERESTING MEETING HELD AT WHITE UNION OVER SUNDAY.

About two hundred years ago, Jacob Mann emigrated from the old country and settled in Virginia, where Charlottesville now stands. His life thereafter was like that of the hardy pioneer, full of perils from unfriendly Indians and the wild beasts of the forest. According to the animals that have been preserved, he became a noted "Indian fighter." Some of his descendants took part in the Revolutionary and other wars, and held other positions in the public service. One was a manufacturer of gunpowder, much of which was used in the war against England. They intermarried with the Davises, Walkers, Flemings and other noted families of old Virginia.

In time, men bearing the name of Mann moved with their families to Kentucky and Indiana. One, Michael Mann, settled at White Union, four miles from Middletown. At this point a reunion was held on September 13th, 14th, 15th. Two of his sons, Henry A., of Poneto, Indiana and Christopher D., of Marion, Indiana, and several of their descendants were present. Four children of George H. Mann, the second son of Michael Mann, and long since deceased, came long distances to revisit the scenes of their childhood—The Rev. Austin W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, (the oldest grand-son of Michael Mann); John W. Mann, of Rushville, Neb.; Leroy M. Mann, of Des Moines, Ia.; and Mrs. Sarah C. Hays, of California, Pa. Judson L. Mann, of Tacoma, Washington, was prevented from attending the reunion.

The program of the reunion included addresses from Leroy M. Mann, Rev. Austin W. Mann, and his son W. Howard Mann, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. A resolution was offered by Rev. Mann to the effect that the next reunion be held two years hence in Monroe County, West Virginia. Three delegates from that state took part in the reunion at White Union.

The reunion continued over Sunday, the 15th, and was largely attended not only by members and relatives of the family, but by friends and neighbors. Throughout the several days the friends were together they had a delightful time. Rev. A. W. Mann, one of the best known members of the family, known as the "silent man," had prepared an address, which was read and is as follows:—

"In this coming together from far and near, we are moved by sentiments common to all. That wonderful faculty called memory keeps alive in every one the scenes and incidents of early days. A halo surrounds the home of one's childhood. It deepens as the years pass. The heart yearns to revisit the places where life was lived free from turmoil and worry; free from many of the temptations that beset us. And then, the mental picture of the old homestead and playgrounds needs refreshing. In the lapse of time, it has become indistinct, some of the details having dropped out, or become confused. And then, besides seeing places associated with the past, the wish is to lay affection's tribute once more on the graves of the dear ones, 'gone before.'"

"With what speed and ease the mind travels. Times without number, it has passed up and down these highways and by-paths, as we sat, our firesides far away. It has looked into the old home; into the old school house; into yonder piece of ground consecrated by the dust of kindred and the tears of the living, who laid them away. The mental eye has followed our fathers as they laboriously cleared the way for the plow. It

has seen us, as little children, following their steps in the furrow. The dense forest has been transformed into fertile fields. We have gladly laid aside the cares of business for a few days to turn our thoughts into new channels here. We shall be blessed for revisiting the homes of our childhood, where we had our training at the hands of fathers and mothers who feared God.

"The eye looks up and beholds the work of inexorable time. There is the furrowed face, and whitened head. The elastic step of youth is gone. The hand trembles; and the eye sees not as well as it used to. It is the same old story, heard from the beginning of humanity."

"Some faces we see no more except in memory. Yonder piece of ground holds the dust of those dear to us. Others rest in far-off places, on the mountain side and on the plain. In their graves, they are free from the cares that are still our portion. They rest in Christ, peacefully; as we affectionately believe in confident hope of resurrection to everlasting life; to endless reunion above."—Middletown Ind., News, September 17, 1901.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

Rip Van Winkle was supposed to sleep twenty years in the mountains, so did Col. W. E. Guss stay twenty years in St. Louis, and returned East. His wife and daughter followed him later on. The colonel now looks like a new man, and the scenes of his boyhood days and mud-pie industry are only a few miles away. He is employed as a pattern maker in the John Stephenson Car Company, and his daughter acts as stenographer for the same company. They are living at 854 Third Avenue, and every time you will find their latch string out.

Our honorable friend, the printer, W. J. Waldron, is working on the Times. He only gets there off and on, and has an eye on a permanent position with the Singer Manufacturing Co. Mr. Waldron has been initiated into the mysteries of the order of Foresters, and being a resident of Elizabeth, since he got his first pair of pants and suspenders, his friends taken together would easily sink the "Isabel," which carried the Union league excursionists last summer.

As if the earth opened and swallowed him, Lewis Frederick disappeared from town. Billy Waldron played the role of "Old Sleuth," and discovered that he had moved bag and baggage to Philadelphia to roll cigars, as he has of yore. He is rated by Bradstreets as a good fellow and a Jackson Democrat, and is greatly missed here, so say we all of us.

Two "Moses" were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schaub last Sunday. They were Moses Loew, of New York, who brought with him Miss Rachel Moses, of Roseville, N. J. The Loew above referred to, is no relative to Jacques Loew, of the floral horse-shoe moustache fame.

A. L. Thomas, known all over the East as the affable clerk for Rogers, Peet & Company, in New York, bobs up on a visit to his brother. If you call on him at his store he will try to fit the clothes to you, not you to the clothes.

This town must be booming in the deaf-mute line, for a silent knight of the plane and try-square in Pennsylvania wrote to Mr. Heller, the Adonis of Elizabeth, for work.

Edward Manning, of Hoboken, N. J., dropped in town recently, and saw each one of us. The number of deaf-mutes residing here are about enough to start a pinchole game.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schaub were the guests of Miss Ruth Bodenweiser, in Newark, the other Sunday. Ruth contemplates a visit to her brother in Chicago, next summer.

Miss R. DuLong, of Newark, is a frequent visitor here the first day of the week.

Edwin Heller enjoyed himself Sunday, amusing relatives in Dunellen, N. J.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

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Spectimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done

To the lowliest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

MANY years ago the Editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL called special attention to the fact that the adult deaf and those who had completed their terms as pupils in the educational institutions within the State, needed some kind of a club where they might spend their leisure hours in harmless pleasures and profitable recreations. A plan was outlined in detail, for a building with conveniences and attractive features, that would improve the condition of the deaf in general and conduce to their happiness and prosperity. The plan and suggestions received the cordial approval of the leading deaf gentlemen of New York, as also from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, but beyond a few words of perfunctory praise, the project got no assistance. It is true that a good many of the deaf waxed enthusiastic over the idea, but their active support failed to materialize, consequently the outcome of all the approval, sympathy, enthusiasm and commendation, was nil.

Last Saturday, in company of friends, we made a trip awhel to Yonkers, and while there was introduced at the Hollywood Inn Club. Lo and behold, here was the very realization in substance of our paper plans for the benefit of the deaf nearly twenty years ago. And, at this point, it is pertinent to say that the deaf of Yonkers are almost without exception members of the club.

This club is a handsome five-story brick structure, built as nearly fire-proof as possible; and contains every feature that can promote the vigor of mind and body. Its advantages cost but three dollars a year with an extra dollar for gymnasium and swimming pool.

Among the means for pleasurable recreation are ten or twelve pool tables and several billiard tables, four bowling alleys, two or three shuffle boards, while a large smoking room, stocked with newspapers and checker tables, makes a restful and inviting retreat for the less active in body and more sedate in mind. There are also card tables in this latter room, and every freedom is allowed that does not tend to disorderliness or give the place an air of vulgar comportment.

There is also a large assembly room, with stage and scenery, where theatricals are periodically given, and in which debates, lectures, receptions, etc., are held.

Besides a swimming pool, shower, needle and tub baths, there is now in construction a gymnasium, with a raised track for runners. The club also possesses an enclosed athletic field, with cinder path, a football gridiron, baseball diamond, and tennis courts.

All the above advantages are for men (excepting the receptions and theatrical entertainments), and one of the most commendable features of the Hollywood Inn Club has been reserved for the last. First and foremost of restraining influences is that intoxicants are not allowed, but refreshments, such as light lunch, mineral waters and cigars, can be had at all hours. Second and last, there is a very comfortable reading room and library, filled with good and interesting books, and having a large file of daily

papers, all the best magazines and illustrated weeklies; and this room is open to the sisters, wives, and mothers of the members. On the evening our visit was made several ladies were seated about the tables, enjoying the literature that was so judiciously selected and abundantly provided. Here is a feature that must appeal to all. Just think of the thrill of happiness that must permeate the bosoms of a young married couple, or the sense of contented comfort that must come to those whom time and care have made sedate and undemonstrative, to know that each is getting salutary enjoyment amid good surroundings and with respectable associates. For them there is no stumbling step at midnight on the stairs.

This Hollywood Inn Club is a monument to the generosity of Mr. William F. Cochran, and of it every resident of Yonkers is proud. It represents an expenditure for site, buildings and furnishings, of \$160,000. Mr. Cochran is a real philanthropist; his beneficences are in the direction of uplifting what some of the newspapers sarcastically term "the common people." It is also well known among the deaf that, through the generosity of Mrs. Cochran—who has given away half a million to deserving charities—mission work among the deaf just north of this city is made possible.

If the deaf in our large cities could be provided with such advantages and at such small cost, what a world of good it would do them. Something might be attempted, but the prospects of success are remote. All the donations to the deaf hitherto, have been to promote spiritual work, or to provide shelter for the aged and infirm. Both of these objects are beyond criticism, but they do not include the important, if not essential, problem of ennobling influences upon the daily lives of those just entering upon manhood or struggling along the weary path of life. A practical religion of good and useful influences every day in the week, is far superior to Sunday homilies; and a helping and encouraging spirit towards the young and inexperienced, would lead to a prosperous middle-age and lessen the number of applicants for admission to homes for aged in the days that are yet to come.

Pach Bros., of 935 Broadway, kindly favor us with a photograph of the late President McKinley. Messrs. Pach Bros. have a larger assortment of photographs of the late President McKinley and President Roosevelt than any other house, having posed both the Presidents numerous times, and at various places. The most interesting is a photograph of President McKinley and (the then) Vice-President Roosevelt, grouped together. This, with the exception of a similar photograph of McKinley and the late Vice-President Hobart (also photographed by Pach Bros.), is the only photograph ever made of a President and Vice-President of the United States being taken together.

### The Human Ear.

The human ear is an organ the true inwardness of which the physicians have never been able to get at. They can examine the interior of the eye with ease by throwing into its dark chamber a ray of light reflected from a little mirror, and they found it possible even to see the gray matter of the brain by which the optic nerve enters. The cavity behind the nose they inspect with the aid of a light placed far back in the mouth.

They have no difficulty in seeing into the stomach by an electric apparatus; the intestines likewise are readily enough investigated, and the bladder also. But the ear as to its internal arrangements is unapproachable. It is impossible to dissect it satisfactorily after death, for the reason that the parts collapse at once when the vital spark leaves the body.

Henry Samuels, a deaf crayon artist of Newark, N. J., died suddenly on Monday morning, September 30th. Charles Lawrence, called at his place of business, but finding it closed, proceeded to Mr. Samuels' home, and was shocked to learn that he had just expired. Mr. Samuels was at the meeting of the Newark Society on Saturday, September 29th, and seemed in perfect health.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton A. Salecki, of Meriden, Conn., came home last week Sunday, after a week spent visiting Buffalo, the Pan-American Exposition, Niagara Falls and Canada. They had a delightful trip. They visited to Mr. A. E. Volker, of Buffalo, who has a nice store on Genesee Street.

## CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### The Opening Game of Foot Ball.

### SOCIETY AND CLUB ELECTIONS.

### Happenings at Kendall Green.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The Gallaudets gave the Indian team at Carlisle a big surprise Saturday. It was their first game of the season, and considering the fact that the team had a very short time for practice they did excellently. The features of the game were the work of the backs, Andree, Erickson and Waters, and the work of Gelfuss, at left end. In the first half the backs went through the line and around the ends at will. Gelfuss made large gains, and the team work was good. Waters made the only touchdown in this half. When time was called score stood: Gallaudet 6; Carlisle 5.

In the second half the Indians braced up, and Gallaudet was only able to get the ball twice. At one time they held it on their one-yard line, but a touchback by Waters gave the Indians two points. Score at the end of the second half was Carlisle, 19; Gallaudet, 6. The Indian line was considerably heavier than Gallaudet's. Waters and Andree did some fine bucking. The rest of the players did very well too. Line up:—

CARLISLE.	Position.	GALLAUDET.
Bradley	Left end	Gelfuss
Floria	Left tackle	Worley
Dillon	Left guard	Hewetson
Scroggs (Chesaw)	Center	Lawrence
Bowen	Right guard	Garrett
Lubow	Right tackle	Mather
Beaver (Hare)	Right end	Nesam
Hare (Johnstone)	Quarter	Phillips
Yarloff (Saule)	Right half	Andree
Chaffield (Decor)	Left "	Erickson
Palmer (Williams)	Full back	Waters

Touchdowns, Chaffield 1, Waters 1, Lubow 1. Goal from field, Hare 2, Gelfuss 1. Safety, Waters. Umpire, Rev. Smiley. Referee, W. A. Thompson. Two 20 minute halves.

A good many foul plays were made by the Indians which went unpunished. The referee had been introduced as a Dr. Smithers, from Harrisburg, but later he turned out to be a Mr. Thomas and disciplinarian in the school. This will account for several rank decisions.

The good showing of the team gives us every encouragement to hope for a most successful season. The changes that are being made in the schedule, makes it necessary for me to omit it from this column till next week. Central High School or Washington College will play us at Kendall Green, October 5th. The next big game is with the University of Virginia, October 12th.

The past week was one of activity in the social and literary circles of the Co-eds. The O. W. L. S. held its first business meeting for the present term on Wednesday. Officers were elected as follows: President, Miss DeLong, '02; Vice-President, Miss McPhail, '03; Secretary, Miss Meyers, '03; Treasurer, Miss Hansen, '04; Critic, Miss Snyder, '02; Librarian, Miss Weidenmeier, '04.

The officers of the Jolly Club are: President, Miss McPhail, '03; Secretary, Miss Morris, '04; Treasurer, Miss Goldstein, '02; Custodian, Miss Swift, '05.

The Co-Eds' Reading Club is officered by Miss Bauman, '04, Chairman; Miss Weidenmeier, '04, Secretary; Miss Hall, '05, Treasurer; Miss Webster, '03, Librarian; Miss Hill, '05, Assistant Librarian.

The Sewing, Tennis and Croquet Clubs were reorganized and officers chosen were for the present year.

A mistake in last week's JOURNAL called down the wrath of the fair students upon the humble head of Ye scribe. Misses Patterson and Greener, Normal Fellows, graduated last year from Ohio State University and were presented with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. There, now, doesn't this satisfy you? Let me have peace.

Miss Elizabeth Peet gave a party in honor of the Normal Fellows last week. We have not been able to get the names of those present, but will just say that Misses Peet, Greener, Patterson and the "others too numerous to mention," were there.

Mr. A. F. Adams, M.A., Gymnasium Instructor, will hereafter make sure of the identity of persons he greets as friends. A few nights ago with his wife he was returning home. Seeing two ladies advancing toward him he thought one was Mrs. Gaw, and after the usual conventionalities he introduced his wife.

All four chatted for a few minutes like old friends. Meeting Mrs. Gaw the next morning he realized that there was a decided difference between her and the lady he had met the evening before. It turned out he had mistaken one of the Normal Fellows he had never met before for Mrs. Gaw. The young

ladies seemed to enjoy the joke very much, but Mr. Adams does not.

Wyand, '02, as Business Manager of the *Buff and Blue*, has been very successful so far. His experience in a store where he was employed before he lost his hearing has helped him a great deal. Another fact in his favor is that he is a semi-mute and a fluent talker. Acquainted with a large stock of new and second hand yarns, he uses them with the skill of an experienced drummer making his task of securing advertisements for the *Buff and Blue* much easier. In many instances former advertisers have taken larger space, and many new ones have been added.

The first number of the *Buff and Blue* under the new board will be out in a week or two, and promises to equal if not excel former issues.

Win Marshall, '04, has taken part in a good many races during the summer and won prizes galore. He does his scorching around Kendall Green at night time on his Tribune racer. His reason for this is that it gives him an opportunity to display the bicycle lamp he took in a race held at New Hartford, August 28th. It is probably the most powerful lamp possessed by any student here. Another prize was a suit of clothes. Of course he took other prizes, but he says they are so many he can't keep track of them.

Saturday and Sunday it seemed as if all the moisture in the atmosphere had collected around Gallaudet College. It was almost necessary to carry umbrellas while traversing the halls of the college buildings.

The Co-eds have something to blow about now. It is the war Dr. Gallaudet presented the Seniors' table. The dishes are twenty-six years old, and the Seniors boast that on more than one occasion they have graced Dr. Gallaudet's table when Ambassadors and other distinguished men dined with our President. It goes without saying that the Co-eds will take extra good care of these precious dishes.

Sunday School Classes were organized in Chapel Hall Sunday morning.

Campbell '02, wishes our Normal fellows would grow moustaches and chin whiskers. Their youthful appearance cause him to mistake them for members of the Introductory Class several times during the first few days of the term, and some of his mistakes were laughable to all but himself.

An uncle from Baltimore called on Forse, I. C., last Thursday.

There was a study in expression in the chapel Saturday morning, while rooms were being selected. Strong, '02, was called to make his choice, and he rose with a smile and chose Room 28. Campbell, '02, gave a grunt of disappointment, but Prof. Draper discovered the mistake in time and gave Campbell precedence. He jumped up and selected Room 28. Strong's jaw dropped with a click; but as he selected Room 29, and there is little difference between the two, both men are contented.

The ducks have been very quiet, so we are unable to print anything interesting about them this week. Hope they will entertain us next week.

J. H. K.

### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The following was printed in the first issue of the *New York Times* just fifty years ago. The *Times* had a fac simile of its initial number printed and circulated on September 19th. Speaking of prominent men who had just died, the *Times* says:

Among these was the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, L.L.D. well known as the pioneer of Deaf-Mute Instruction in this country, who died at his residence in Hartford, on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at the age of 64. At an early period of his life Mr. Gallaudet became interested in the Deaf and Dumb, and an accidental circumstance decided his future career. In the autumn of the year 1807, a child of Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, then residing in the city of Hartford, became, through the effect of a malignant fever, first deaf and then dumb. Mr. Gallaudet, a young man of talents, education and benevolence, interested himself in the case of this unfortunate child, and with a strong desire to alleviate her condition, at once conversed with and instructed her. His efforts were rewarded with partial success; and through the exertions of Dr. Cogswell, Mr. Gallaudet was commissioned to visit the child, and to endeavor to qualify himself to become a teacher of the Deaf and Dumb in this country. Seven gentlemen of Hartford subscribed a sufficient amount of funds to defray his expenses, and on the 25th of May, 1815, Mr. Gallaudet sailed for Europe.

Meanwhile, the friends of the project employed the interval of time in procuring an act of incorporation from the Legislature of Connecticut, which was accomplished in May, 1816. In May, 1819, the name of "the American Asylum at Hartford for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb," was bestowed by the Legislature on the first Institution for the Deaf-Mutes established in the United States.

After spending several months in the assiduous prosecution of his studies, under the Abbe Sicard and others, Mr. Gallaudet returned to this country in August, 1816. He was accompanied by Mr. Laurent Clerc, a deaf and dumb Professor in the Institution at Paris, and well known in Europe as the most intelligent pupil of the Abbe. Mr. Clerc is now living in a vigorous old age, and is still a teacher in the American Asylum at Hartford. The Asylum was opened on the 15th April, 1817, and during the first week of its existence numbered seven pupils; it now averages 230 annually.

Mr. Gallaudet became the Principal of the Institution at its commencement, and held the office until April, 1820, when he resigned, and has since officiated as Chaplain of the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford. His interest in the cause of Deaf-Mute Education has always continued unabated, and his efforts will be remembered by that unfortunate class of our fellow beings as well as by a large circle of devoted friends. The tree which was planted under his supervision and was tended by his care, has borne good fruit.

## FANWOOD.

### School Work Well Under Way.

### BATTALION OFFICERS.

### Brevities.

When the pupils assembled in the chapel for the first time this fall, Principal Currier expressed his pleasure because so few were absent, and that most of those absent were prevented from coming by sickness and delayed trains. He then informed the gathering that the classification for Fanwood was completed. Each teacher has a class to himself all the time. The old system allowed them different classes for periods of 40 minutes each. Those in and under the sixth grade stay in school mornings from 8:30 to 12:15 and from 1:30 to 3:30 in the afternoon. For those above that class, the morning hours are the same, but they go to the trades-school at 1:30 P.M. and stay there till four o'clock. Principal Currier furthermore said the new way was only experimental and would be changed if it was found to be satisfactory.

Wednesday morning, the cadets assembled on the parade-ground with Colonel Currier and Major Van Tassel, and the new battalion was formed. There were plenty of cadets for the companies, but few officers were left, many having graduated last June. The officers of this years battalion are as follows:—

Company A—Captain, Alfred Stern; First Sergeant, James Seelig; Second Sergeant, Henry Powell; Third Sergeant, Frederick Berger; Corporals, Israel Solomon, Vernon Birk, Harry Holmes and Robert Westlake.

Company B—Captain, William Renner; First Sergeant, Samuel Friedman; Second Sergeant, Israel Koplowitz; Third Sergeant, Samuel McAllister; Corporals, Samuel Greenberg, Samuel Goldstein, Anton Tanzas and Alex. Knipe.

Company C—Captain, Barnett Zwofte; First Sergeant, Erich Berg; Second Sergeant, Frank Lux; Third Sergeant, F. Nimmo; Corporals, C. Siegel, A. Ellison, J. Lovitch and C. Weisberg.

Edward Elsworth was appointed Adjutant, and J. Amnuth, Sergeant-Major. The color sergeants are Adolph Berg and Benjamin Silvermond.

The football season is now at hand. The game is not allowed at this school, but nevertheless the boys have invented another kind of football. The ball is passed like basketball and goals are kicked whenever there is a chance. The boys call it Gaelic football, and it is rather exciting. The football, in particular, appears to have got the worst of the game. A subscription was started among the boys, and a new football was bought last Saturday.

Those at the Institution maintain a great interest in the yacht races. Hardly any one is on the side of Shamrock. The newsdealer near the Institution gets a good patronage from the pupils, who buy lots of newspapers every day in the eagerness to know all about their races. Among the passengers on board the City of Lowell, at the races, were Wesley and W. H. Van Tassel. Wesley gave the boys a good account of the race, including how it feels to be seasick.

Our accountant, Mr. John V. Miller, journeyed to the races on Saturday, and enjoyed the close contest between the boats. The steamer he took was the last little "Glen Island". On the way down to the sea, there was a great deal of commotion on the boat. The yacht of John Jacob Astor ventured to cross their bow and narrowly escaped being run down by a few yards.

Fort Washington Road which runs through the school grounds is now in a very bad condition. Workmen have opened it to lay a sewer. The road is full of rocks and they are now drilling holes previous to blasting. The sewer was started from two places and they are nearing each other, being about a block apart. It will be joined right in front of the school.

Miss Grace L. Robie, of Wisconsin, has been appointed to fill the vacancy left by Miss March. Miss Robie was trained by Miss McCowen.

Those of the pupils who brought their wheels to school are Miss Winnie Clark, and Cadets J. Seelig and O. Loew.

Messrs. John M. Black and Thos. Cosgrove were interested visitors on Monday.

Sunday afternoon at half past

three o'clock, the battalion went through dress parade and review for the first time since school began, and they did very well. The flags and swords of the officers were draped in black in honor of our late President.

Mr. Jones gave the pupils an interesting story, called "The Fatal Letter," Sunday evening in the chapel.

The Protean Society will hold a business meeting next Thursday night to elect officers, and to consider applications for membership.

Saturday afternoon the basketball team played their first game in the gymnasium. It was against a picked team. No hard work was done, and the Regulars easily won by a score of 38 to 2.

W. R.

### CONNECTICUT.

Mr. J. F. Frelick, who is still at steady work in the Yale Manufacturing Co., in Stamford, Ct., made a flying trip to Gardner, Mass., where his mother and sister reside. He had a most enjoyable time in visiting his relatives and friends in Boston, Princetown, North Hampton, Springfield, Florence and other places. He enjoyed his vacation immensely for the first time in four years.

Mrs. J. F. Frelick got a handsome present of a very fine golden oak desk combined with a book-case, from her husband. He was grateful to his faithful wife, who nursed him in his whole week sickness and helped him to the road of recovery.

Mrs. Nancy E. Witmeyer is visiting in Stamford, Conn., and passing her own time quietly. Her health is greatly improved. She has been entertained pleasantly at Mr. Frelick's cosy home on Bedford Street.

### A Bright Jury.

In a larceny case in Maine it was agreed to go on with only 11 men on the jury. The trial lasted several hours, and then the jury retired to deliberate upon the evidence and find a verdict. After being out four hours the jury reported that it could not agree, and accordingly it was discharged from further duty in the case, and the prisoner was remanded to the jail. A little later the attorneys for the respondent "got at" one of the jurymen and asked him how the vote stood in the jury room.

"Well," said he, "we balloted about 20 times, and each time there were 11 votes for conviction, but at no time could we get 12 votes conviction, so we had to report a disagreement."

### CONCERNING PROCTOR'S THEATRES.

BRING A REVIEW OF HIS SUCCESSFUL NEW DEPARTURE AND SOME ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR THE FUTURE.

Manager F. E. Proctor's new departure in theatrical presentations has proven an immediate success. A few months ago he changed the policy of his six theatres from presentations of "straight vaudeville" to a combination of dramatic and variety bill. A stock company of 150 carefully selected players was engaged, and placed under the direct management of Proctor, general manager. The F. E. Proctor Comedy and Vaudeville Stock was divided into six sections, and the four of the Proctor circuit began after the fashion in vogue among regularly organized road attractions.

For instance: A company prepares, rehearses and produces a play at the Fifth Avenue. It then makes a tour of the remaining five theatres, presenting the same play with special scenic equipments, properties and a full complement of special stage paraphernalia which is secured for each presentation. Thus the companies tour the circuit, the bill at each house is changed weekly, and the new company is seen with every change of play. Patrons have the full benefit of the best stock system with the added novelty of new companies each week.

Old comedies, farces and laughing plays are revived and presented with every attention to detail, and between the acts of the plays, and before and after the dramas vaudeville numbers were introduced. In this way the long and tedious work usually attendant upon the ordinary dramatic presentation are obviated, and the entertainment is continuous.

Manager Proctor has four theatres in New York, one in Albany and one in Montreal, making six theatres now in active operation. By Thanksgiving day his new theatre in New York will be ready to open, and he will draw his forces by far the greatest chain of theatres under the control of any single individual in the world.

Preparations have been made for some notable productions, both in the comedy and vaudeville line, and as the scheme is elastic there need be no end of the changes and introduction of novelties and notable performers. As for the dramatic scheme, arrangements have been made for the revival for the full list of Augustin Daly's successes—plays which brought the Daly Stock Company into fame, and served to introduce to stage prominence a dozen players who are now stars of bright magnitude.

There will be a scenic revival of Joseph Arthur's celebrated comedy drama, "Blue Jeans," and a revival of David Belasco's dramatization of John Luther Long's pathetic tragedy, "Mme. Butterfly." Pilar Moran, the celebrated Irish actress and pantomimist, has been re-engaged to assume the title role, a part in which she last season achieved the greatest success in her remarkably varied theatrical career. The Hailons are engaged for productions of a series of little pantomimes, and will give an elaborate presentation of a Christmas pantomime intended as a faithful production of the holiday pantomimes which are so popular in England.

In the vaudeville department the engagement of Sandow, the marvelous strong man, takes first rank. Sandow comes for extensive appearances at the Proctor theatres, and an enormous amount of money is represented in the value of his contract. There will be many other notable importations for the Proctor houses, and the scheme of combining vaudeville with the drama will be given the best efforts of this manager of experience.

Already the plan is an assured success, but like all other business ventures, the benefits of an experience covering many years are bound to bring improvements and advance the plan to a point of absolute perfection.

## DEAF-MUTES BAFLE A JUSTICE.

Come to Court and Air Their Troubles Through an Interpreter.

FINALLY THEY ARE THREATENED WITH FINES FOR USING IMPROPER SIGN LANGUAGE.

Syrians, Russians, Finlanders and litigants of strange countries and stranger tongues have flocked to Justice Max Wolff when they had legal knots to untie. They had found that he could talk their many languages well enough to understand their troubles and that he had an inkling of their national customs. The justice has taken great pride in his ability as a linguist, but his series of triumphs came to a sudden end Wednesday afternoon, when a man of quiet demeanor stood before him and made signs.

"Parlez vous Francais?" "Sprechen sie Dutsch?" "Parlate Italiano?" "Habie usted Espanol?" "Cama talka Svanska?" and several other interogatories were put by Justice Wolff, but the stranger failed to comprehend and continued his gesticulations with still greater vehemence.

"What's the matter with this man?" the court finally demanded of the clerk.

"Why, he's a deaf-mute, your honor, and he's defendant in a case where nobody but deaf-mutes appear."

"Well, that's one language I never sought to master," confessed the court. "Don't you think they had better take a change of venue?" "That has been their experience all around and they say they won't leave here unless you hear their troubles. They've got an interpreter with them."

"I have never used an interpreter in my life," said Justice Wolff, with a touch of sadness in his voice, "but I guess I'll have to do it this time."

TELLS TROUBLES TO COURT.

Ira Kellar in the language of signs told the court how Richard Danks and his wife had stopped at his house for a week and had never shown a disposition to give him compensation. Mr. and Mrs. Danks were in the room to testify and the mysterious manipulation of the fingers that meant nothing to the court attaches brought them both to their feet.

What did that man call this witness?" demanded the court of the interpreter.

"Why, they both called Kellar a liar with a few emphatic words prefixed," was the reply.

"Tell them that they have been guilty of contempt of court and if they don't remain in their seats I will fine them."

It developed that Mr. Danks had neither taken any meals nor stopped over night at Kellar's home, but that Mrs. Danks was the visitor. For her sojourn Kellar insisted upon a judgment of \$5, which the Danks declared they would not meet.

At the juncture there was another disturbance in the audience. Attorney Samuel Yaggy, who knows the language of signs, declared that Kellar's friends were prompting him.

"Tell those people," announced the court, "that I will fine them if they don't keep their fingers in their pockets or in their mouths."

DECIDES DANKS MUST PAY.

After a score witnesses had taken the stand the court decided that there was an implied contract.

"Suppose this woman had stopped there a month," said the justice in his ruling, "do you suppose she would not have to pay compensation because there was no actual contract?"—*Chicago Chronicle*, Sept. 20.

### Won by His Wit.

A story is told of an English clergyman who owed his appointment to a rich living to a lucky pun.

He was tutor to the son of a nobleman, and had not long taken orders when he attended the funeral of the rector of the parish in which the nobleman's seat was situated. The father of his pupil was patron of the living and was also present at the funeral of the deceased rector. There was a young clergyman present also whose grief was so demonstrative that the noble patron was much affected by the sight and asked if the young man was a son of the deceased gentleman.

"Oh, dear, no, my lord—no relation at all," said the tutor.

"No relation!" exclaimed the nobleman in a surprised tone.

"None, my lord; he is the curate, and I think he is not weeping for the dead, but for the living."

His lordship, who was something of a wit and a cynic himself, was so delighted with the bon mot that he conferred the living upon the ready punster.

In 1869 Governor Orman of Colorado, then a poor boy, took Horace Greeley's advice and went West to grow up with the country, getting work as a railroad laborer. He rose in the business and has been connected with it for thirty years.



NEW YORK.

A Fine Bicycle Trip to Yonkers.

CLOSE FOOTBALL GAME.

Items of All Sorts Concerning the Deaf.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

On Saturday last, Messrs. Maynard Soper and Hodgson, had a fine wheeling trip to Yonkers. Leaving 163d Street at three o'clock in the afternoon, they sped northward up the Boulevard Lafayette, with its fine, smooth surface of Macadam, thence through Kingsbridge on the pavement, and on by a circuitous route to the golf links at Van Cortlandt Park. There they met Albert Hockstahl, who was sitting neath a shade tree enraptured with the wielders of the brassie, the putter and the tee. Hoot, mon! ejaculated Maynard on his nimble fingers, and Albert stood at salute. After viewing the links and listening to Maynard's learned dissertation on "four-somes" and "caddies," the silent quartet mounted their silent steeds and climbed the winding hill to Woodlawn. Here Mr. Soper displayed his season pass for man and bicycle, and dilated on the new rule of the cemetery authorities which debarred wheelmen from riding through and around on the well-kept paths. The next halt was at the Empire City race track, said to have the finest one-mile circuit in the country. A short stop was made at Dunwoodie to see Dr. Walter B. Peet. He was out, but Mrs. Peet and her daughter extended cordial hospitality. The Athletic field of the Hollywood Inn Club next was inspected, and then the course was laid direct to Yonkers, where a warm welcome and a fine dinner awaited them at the home of Mr. Maynard's parents. The next hour after dinner was spent in admiring the Hollywood Inn Club, where they were joined by Messrs. W. W. W. Thomas and Hockstahl. It was nearly nine o'clock when Messrs. Soper and Hodgson checked their wheels and stepped into the smoker of a New York Central train for Harlem. The whole trip was delightful, and they looped the loop, as it were, several times on the way up, thereby adding many miles to the distance traveled and several cubics to the amount of ozone absorbed.

The regular opening of the football season was inaugurated by the Lexingtons, of the Deaf-Mute's Union League, at Whitestone, L. I., with the Eagle A. C. Both sides fought hard and stubbornly, but the score closed with 0 to 0. The battle royal was fought on muddy ground. The Union Leaguers themselves were conspicuous by their absence, due to threatening weather, a circumstance that would have discouraged any other team, and the L. A. A. boys were far away from home, yet they simply covered themselves with glory. Ted Little's kicking was superb, and Wigley's running was the star feature of the game. Their pluck, determination and enthusiasm won for them the admiration of the crowd, and the Eagles pressed them with an invitation to partake of a shore dinner in their fine club house. The captain is Frank Forsyth, and Marcus L. Kenner is the manager. The latter has already booked dates for a dozen games with crack teams within a radius of fifty miles around New York.

Mr. A. Lincoln Smith and his four months bride spent last week with his father, Moses Smith, on Washington Heights. They took advantage of his vacation to spend their deferred honeymoon in visiting Buffalo, Rochester, Saratoga, Lake George, and in taking in the sights of Gotham, including a trip to West Point, up the Rhine of America. They returned to Washington, D. C., on the midnight train, Friday, and will occupy a residence in the Georgetown section. Mrs. Smith is an accomplished lady, a native of Western Pennsylvania, and this was her first visit to New York City. Mr. Smith is an able accountant, and fills a responsible position in the office of a Government Auditor.

Miss Hattie Dixon, of Hoboken, N. J., has returned home, after a couple of weeks pleasantly spent with Mrs. Miles, in Philadelphia, with side trips to Fox Chase, Pa., Atlantic City, and Camden, N. J.

The grandfather of Edward Ormsby, a deaf-mute employed in the engraving establishment of Mr. E. Souweine, created a sensation by attempting, through the courts, to have his daughter (Ormsby's mother) ejected from his home. The

old gentleman, who is 91 years old, is wealthy, and Mrs. Ormsby has been his housekeeper for nearly forty years. A week after he was taken with remorse, and withdrew his suit.

Mrs. Alice M. Yankauer was married to Henry P. Kane, at St. Peter's College Parish, Jersey City, N. J., by Rev. Father Corbett, on Wednesday, September 25th. Mrs. Geo. M. Donovan was matron of honor, and Peter E. Redington, bestman. The mother of the bride, her sister, Miss Stella Hatch, Miss Bella McLaren and Geo. W. Donovan, were present. The newly-married couple have gone to Washington, D. C., for their wedding tour.

There is a story going the rounds concerning the good Dr. Gallaudet. A lady told a sister of a deaf-mute that she had to leave Dr. Gallaudet's Church on Eighteenth Street, because he paid too much attention to deaf-mutes. So much for his noble labors in behalf of the deaf-mutes. May God spare his life to us many years yet.

The growth of the Union League surprises everybody, for it now has sixty-five names on its roll already, because the organization has caused to be put in its constitution and by-laws the encouragement and furtherance of athletics and sports, which drew the youth and flower of boys and sinew from the Lexington Avenue School.

Timothy P. Connell will leave this city for Boston on October 19th. He has secured a job as press feeder in the "Hub," so will remain there permanently. He expects to visit the Westchester School, and say good-bye to the boys there.

Henry Greer arrived in this city from Belfast, Ireland, last week. He had been there since the early part of this summer. With him, on his return, came a deaf-mute young woman, named Martha Wilson. She was at St. Ann's last Sunday.

After being out for six months, Samuel Frankenstein, who had been employed by several leading photo houses, was called by the New York Camera Exchange, on Fulton Street, to again take charge of their shop at an increased salary.

Frank Brown, John D. Shea, Peter F. Redington and Charles McManus, went to Sea Gate last Sunday and took a dip in the ocean. The water was very cold, but all felt refreshed afterwards.

Among those known to the deaf who saw the yacht race on Tuesday, were Mrs. Smith and Miss Elizabeth Gallaudet, daughters of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Shepard, Samuel M. Brown and William Scott Abrams.

Harry C. Dickerson is again in town, having been disgusted with Boston, and is now again with the Gorham Manufacturing Company.

James H. Manning will reside permanently in New York City, for he entertains no very high opinion of Albany, his city of birth.

Misses Katie Ehrlich and Louisa Kummer, in company with a friend, spent Sunday, September 22d, at Bronx Zoological Park. They had a fine time.

Rev. Mr. C. Orris Dantzer's Appointments.

Hereafter services for the deaf in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street, as follows:

SERVICES.  
First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P. M., Evening Prayer.  
Second Sunday of each month, 11:00 A. M., Holy Communion.  
Third Sunday of each month, 7:30 P. M., Evening Prayer.  
Fourth Sunday of each month, 11:00 A. M., Morning Prayer.

BATHED

at the residence of her prents in Cold Springs, N. Y., on Saturday, September 28th, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Martha Sarah Lindmann, a year old.

Mr. and Mrs. Wackerman, Miss Lulu Wackerman, Mr. Charles Critchley, Miss Lillie Collins, Fred Foster, Syracuse, Miss Lillie Smith, Mrs. Charles Stein, with her children, Henry Kimmel, Jackie Breithaupt, Leo Knittel, William Gibbs and George Brown, went to Buffalo to attend the Pan-American Exposition on Labor Day.

A Bit of Bowers Dialogue.

This gem of metropolitan English is vouched for by the New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette:

I heard this bit of dialogue between two Bowers hoodlums the other day:

Said one as he pointed to his shiny black trousers: "Oh, Chimmy however like me blacks?"

"G'wan, yer guy; git wise. Dese is dese, only I had 'em dyed."

And then they got aboard a car.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and may find a flaw when he has forgotten the cause."

OHIO.

A Big Enrollment of Pupils.

THE OCCUPATIONS OF GRADUATES.

News of the Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 983 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The past week has seen the school getting into working order, and next week the big wheel—likening the school unto such—will be working with little or no friction. And the little wheels within it, societies and clubs, too, have been adjusting themselves for the year's work, and are now in shape to move along. New officers to guide them through, have been elected of all of them, viz.: Clonian Society, the chief literary organization of the pupils, Boys' and Girls' Reading Clubs, Christian Endeavor Societies, and the Football teams. The school classes are all formed with one exception, and in a few days that will be made up and put in charge of Miss Cloa Lamson, the substitute teacher.

Some of the classes will be unusually large, owing to the fact that no additional teachers can be appointed for want of the necessary appropriations. Meanwhile two or three deaf, dumb and blind pupils are to be provided with teachers. Already the attendance is four hundred and forty-five pupils, fifty-nine of whom are beginners. The total enrollment for this year, is expected to overreach that of last year, when it was five hundred and fifteen. At least five hundred and twenty are expected.

Gymnasium instruction will not be resumed until November 1st, hence Mr. Albert Ohlemacher, the instructor, will enjoy his vacation until that date.

Baseball among the pupils seems to have lost caste for the season, and in its stead football has given way. Practice in this latter game has been the rule during play hours. There are two well organized elevens, to say nothing of other teams among the younger pupils. Two games with city teams were to have been played on the home grounds this morning, but the forenoon game came off, rain interfered with the other, resulting in a victory for the deaf 6 to 5. By the way the latter was more needed any way. The first eleven will this year be managed by Mr. August Beckert in place of Mr. Ohlemacher, who resigned the position. Mr. Beckert has already sent out numerous challenges for games.

During the late reunion a record was kept of the trades or occupations of the members. Three hundred members were enrolled and of this number 218 gave their occupation. The list is as follows:

Abstractor of titles	1	Last plaster	1
Art teachers	2	Laundry girls	2
Artist	1	Laundrymen	2
Ass carrier	1	Shoeshiners	5
Assistant matron	1	Merchant tailor	1
Baker	1	Metal finishers	2
Bank clerk	1	Moulder	1
Barber	1	Paint man	1
Basketmakers	2	Padmaker	1
Bicycle enameler	2	Painters	2
Blacksmith	2	Paper hangers	2
Boller maker	1	Paper finisher	1
Book agent	1	Papermill workers	3
Bookbinders	30	Photographer	1
Boys' supervisor	1	Physical director	1
Brick cutter	1	Piano bronzer	1
Cabinet maker	1	Police	1
Carpenters	3	Porters	3
Carriage painter	1	Principal school	1
Cigar makers	2	Printers	15
Clergyman	1	Ring mill b'ys	2
Clerk P. B. Co. r't	1	Shipping clerk	1
Cloakmaker	1	Shirt finisher	1
Cloth examiner	1	Shoe & h'ns dir.	1
Coal miner	1	Shoemaker	5
Cook	1	Students	8
Croft maker	1	Tailors	4
Dairymen	1	Tapestry	1
Dressmakers	2	Teachers	6
Factory hands	6	Tileworker	1
Farm hands	5	Timekeeper	1
Farmer-shoemaker	1	Tinner	1
Farmers	21	Toledo sampler	1
Florist	1	Trousermaker	1
Glassworkers	2	Yardman	1
Golf maker	1	Varnisher	1
Harnessmakers	2	Woodworker	1
Housekeepers	8	Waiter	1
Housewives	7		
Iron carrier	1		
Inst'r shoemkr	2		
Instructor shoe	1		
and h'ns smkgr	1		
Lab carrier	1		
Laborers	7		

Farming leads with twenty-one and next come bookbinders with twenty. Why such a large number of the latter may be accounted for by the State Bindery in connection with the Institution here, which employs over twenty-two deaf at present. Outside of this, we know of only two or three who follow the occupation. The Printers make a good showing with fifteen, despite the fact that machine-printing is the rule in many offices.

The Chronicle, the Nestor of the Institution papers, began its twenty-fourth volume by coming out in bran new clothes from top to bottom and seemed to be proud of the suit, and well it should be. It's new head is bold and pleasing to the eye while the body of its type is of the size easily read and not trying to the eyes. Mr. Charles, the foreman of the office, is to be congratulated upon the improvement of the paper.

To-day Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor bade good bye to Columbus

as their place of residence and moved to Grove City, a suburb, seven miles south west. Accompanying them was Mrs. J. D. H. Stewart, who sold her property here and bought another in Grove City, where she also will reside in the future, making her home with Mr. and Mrs. McGregor. This property consists of a fine large house with all modern conveniences excepting gas and water, and seven acres of land. Mr. McGregor rents it, and in his spare time will give some attention to poultry raising, besides seeing that the garden provides abundantly for his table.

Just wait until next spring; the Electric Car Company to that town will be reaping a harvest from the friends of Mr. and Mrs. McGregor making trips to their home to sample their spring chickens and garden sass.

Mrs. Parmelia Green, nee Long, who has been visiting her daughter in the city for some time, was a caller at the Institution Friday, and looked through the schools. She left to-day for her home, Bladen, Gallia County, Ohio, and expects to spend the winter with a daughter.

Mrs. Lily King, of Philadelphia, Misses E. Bard and Lizzie Hewitt were in Toledo, the first of the week, and were handsomely entertained by friends taking them about and showing them the interesting places in Frogtown, as the city is called.

Messrs. Grim, Philpott and Benedict, of Akron, and Schmolke, of Cleveland, visited the Institution on Sunday.

The Dispatch of the 21st inst., gave the following account of the marriage of Miss Kinsell who up to last June was a teacher of the institution for several years.

Louis G. Addison, one of Governor Nash's law partners, married Miss Lydia Kinsell yesterday, the wedding taking place at the home of the bride's parents, Moscow, Clermont county.

The bride is a niece of Dr. Kinsell, of this city. The happy couple are now taking a short eastern trip, but will return next week. They will be at home after October 15th, in the new residence just erected by Mr. Addison, at 353 West Eighth Avenue.

Mr. Frank Minego has moved back to Columbus after several years' stay in Portsmouth working in a shoe factory. The cause of the change was that the climate did not agree with him, it being damp. The owner of the factory was loth to let him go, and told him any time he chose to return he would be glad to employ him. Mr. Minego is a good man at his trade, and had no trouble in securing a position in one of the numerous factories in the city.

The Compulsory school law of the State as applied to the deaf is a good thing, and already several deaf children have been sent to school under it, who would otherwise have been allowed to grow up in ignorance or until having reached an age when the institution advantages would have been of little effect. Saturday afternoon last Mr. Samuel W. Corbett, of Bellaire, brought under the command of the Probate Court, a deaf boy of eight years to the Institution. This was a case in which the parents thought that their child would be mistreated if sent here (we are sure they will think differently when it is returned to them next June, and be the happier for it). Meanwhile the boy had been allowed to run about the streets at his own sweet will, and sometimes at nights even his parents were ignorant of his whereabouts. Mr. Corbett spent several days in town visiting friends, and at the same time taking a much-needed rest from his work in the Bellaire Glass works.

Miss Emaline Martig, who for some months past has been doing housework for Mrs. Joseph Neutzling, of this city, enters a Rke service for Mrs. A. B. Greener tomorrow. Sept 28-01. A. B. G.

A LECTURE.

A lecture on "The New East River Bridge," will be given on Saturday, October 9th, 0n00, at 8 P. M., by Mr. O. F. Nichols, C. E. The lecture will be illustrated by a large number of excellent lantern photographs and interpreted by Dr. W. B. Peet, of Yonkers, N. Y., the graceful sign-maker, in aid of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes, at Marks' Chapel, Adelphi Street, near Dekalb Avenue, Brooklyn. Admission 25 cents. The money will be used to help the destitute deaf-mutes. From New York take Dekalb Avenue trolley at the Bridge. Stop at Adelphi Street.

WM. G. GILBERT, Chairman, H. L. SHERING, H. CONLON, Committee.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

OCTOBER.

6-10:30 A. M., St. Paul's, Troy.  
6-8:00 P. M., St. Paul's, Albany.  
6-7:30 P. M., St. Ann's, Amsterdam.  
18-10:30 A. M., Trinity, Elmira.  
18-3:30 P. M., St. Paul's, Oswego.  
18-7:30 P. M., Chris. Binghamton.  
17-7:30 P. M., St. John's, Johnstown.  
20-10:30 A. M., St. Paul's, Troy.  
20-3:30 P. M., St. George's, Johnstetady.  
26-7:30 P. M., Chris. Herkimer.  
25-7:30 P. M., St. John's, Oneida.  
26-7:30 P. M., St. Mark's, Malone.  
27-10:30 A. M., Trinity, Utica.  
27-8:00 P. M., Zion, Oneida.  
27-7:30 P. M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.  
28-7:30 P. M., Trinity, Watertown.

Additional services between the above regular appointments will be announced later.

CHICAGO.

A Date Party Produces a Poet.

HOY IS STILL A HERO.

Minor Mention.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Miss Grace Knight was the fair hostess at a "Date Party," given at her residence, 110 South Sangamon Street, on Friday evening, the 27th. The young society folks who attended, were rather amazed at the way dates flew, thick and fast. They were of course the spurious article, and required a fair knowledge of American history, and not a few secretly wished they had taken another course at school. The genuine article, the South American fruit dates, were also served as prizes, and were gathered in by one young man, Mr. Regensburg. There was one game in which much interest was displayed. The hostess distributed the American coin, generally known as a "copper," and it was strange and wonderful how much could be found in the study of the Indian head and the reverse side. There was the instrument of torture (stripes), a beating (lashes), school children (pupils), place of worship (temple), youth and old age (18-90), fruit (date 1890), wedlock (united), and scores of other questions.

Later on a bountiful repast of salads, ice cream, viands and fruits was served, and when the young folks left they were unanimous in agreeing that the handsome Miss Knight is a capital entertainer, and as charming as she looks. Among those who accepted invitations were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stephen, Miss Pauline Acheson, Miss Maude German, W. B. Wayman, Harry R. Hart, Henry B. Rutherford, Oscar H. Regensburg and Benj. F. Frank.

Appropos to the entertainment, one young man on his way home in the wee sma' hours of the morning, was inspired by the muse to compose the following lines. He begs apology for making his untimely debut in the fall instead of the spring, but trusts that in the scarcity of the genuine article, the editor will not consign it to the waste basket.

A DATE PARTY.

One fine moonlight night,  
At the close of September day:  
Gathered around Miss Knight,  
A party, merry and gay.

She bid a hearty welcome,  
Said with the flaxen hair  
And eyes like sparkles shone,  
Dimples and "tulips" rare.

Dainty dates from dainty hands,  
Dates to eat, and dates to guess,  
Dates of uncles, dates of aunts:  
Some preferred the other test.

Cupid came on a copper "scent,"  
With all his "bean" and "arrows"  
Into the "temple" fully intent  
To "lash" his deadly foes.

'Tis yet a secret to record  
How many hearts he broke:  
The fair hostess was the target-board  
Of those in the swallow-tail coat.

Time passed with pleasures many,  
The guests departed one by one;  
The last, of course, was our "Benney,"  
All thanked her for the evening's fun.

The above was written by one of the lady's many admirers, and thus gave "Chicago" a little rest from his work.

The Literary Society was held at the Pas-a-Pas Club rooms Saturday evening and had a large attendance. Miss Menecagh rendered a poem entitled "Burial of Sir John Moore," in signs. Then Mrs. Hoy, wife of the noted player, gave a talk on "Richard Carvel." Mrs. Hoy proved herself a most delightful sign-maker. Mrs. Hoy will return to Cincinnati with Mr. Hoy next week for the winter. The Chicago society will miss her very much. Mrs. Hoy has made Chicago her summer home since May. "Now it is safe to say Mr. Hoy will play again with the White Stockings next season.

The deaf of Gano, Pullman and Kensington, held a reception at Stephen M. E. Church, in Kensington, Saturday evening in honor of their friend and pastor, Rev. Hasenstab. Sixty persons had a very enjoyable evening. Mrs. Taylor recited "I want to be an angel."

Still another burrah for Hoy—we doff our hats to the White Stockings. They are our champions now. This is the second championship since 1887. Chicago is proud of you, White Stockings. The base ball season is practically over, and our popular Hoy will at once retire to the pipe foundry for the winter.

Mr. Ivan Heymansson received a wedding invitation from his cousin in Hamburg, Germany. Ivan sent regrets, but has promised to send his card in turn in a short time.

Mr. E. N. Boves was very sick last week.

Mr. Zollinger, who very seldom is absent in the M. E. Church, is now very sick with typhoid fever at his home.

Holy Communion was served at the M. E. Church last Sunday.

It is reported that ex superintendent and Mrs. John W. Swiler, who are now in Delaean, expect to live with their married son in this windy city for winter.

Mr. W. D. Edwards got a good position in the polishing and plating department of the Sterling Electric Works, in La Fayette, Indiana. Any deaf-mute who knows how to polish, and plate, and wants good steady work, can come to above addressed place, as it was reported a good many more are wanted.

The college graduates and ex-students here sorrow in the loss by death of a great friend and professor, Samuel Porter.

Mrs. Conrad Oliver (nee Emma Mitchell) paid a short visit in Chicago last week. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver are on the road.

Mrs. Boyle, of Fernwood, has gone to Los Angeles, Cal., on a \$50 excursion, and she will spend a few months there for her health.

Professor Lange, of Evansville, Ind., was in Chicago Saturday on business, and returned home that evening.

In three months the new officers for the Pas-a-Pas Club will be elected. There is whispering around that the coming favorite new president is not more than four feet and five inches high. They (ladies especially) are wondering if that little fellow, if elected, can fit that chair, which is now used by the tallest president. Do not faint, dear ladies, if that little fellow is elected, a high chair will certainly at once ordered.

Miss Cynthia Luttrell and Mr. William Tilton, popular teachers of the Jacksonville School, were in Chicago a few days before that school opened. We regretted to find that they were not seen at either M. E. church or the club.

Mrs. Chas. Kerney, of Decatur, is visiting in Chicago this week. Her little daughter is with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson, Miss German and Mr. Regensburg, enjoyed a theatrical play, "Ben Hur," at the Illinois Theater Saturday evening.

Miss Roselia Lawler died on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Melville Cox returned home from a short visit in Missouri last week. CHICAGO.

MARRIED.

ST. PAUL'S RECTORY, 1 PHILIPSBURG, PA., Sept. 27, 1901.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Please accept my oft-felt and hearty thanks for the regular kindness of your transmission to me of your able JOURNAL. It always commands my interest and attention. I am now desirous of using it to publish some details respecting the following marriage notice:

"Married, on the 25th of September, in St. Laurence's Church, Osceola, in the diocese of Pittsburg, Miss Lavinia Habbershon, of that borough, to Mr. Lester G. Zimmerman, resident of Clearfield, in the same diocese."

The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Robert Hope, the rector, and the Rev. Dr. Clerc, of Phillipsburg, in the diocese of Central Pennsylvania. The newly wedded couple have been commended to the the rector of St. Andrew's Church, in Clearfield, and doubtless will have the friendly greetings of the Rev. Austin Mann, whose mission includes the diocese of Pittsburg within its bounds.

The bride is a member of the Methodist body; the groom is a Lutheran. Both have appreciated the offices of the "Church Mission," and yet it seems probable that they cannot expect frequent visits or services from either of the special missionaries for the territory of Pennsylvania. Does it not appear that the deaf should seek edification in words easy to be understood, that division lines ought not to interfere with the proper ministrations of the blessed Gospel to them? that "all things should be done decently and in order"? "unto edifying"? "edifying of the Church" wherever it is found? as St. Paul teaches in I Cor. 12: 14.

Miss Metcalf, of Tyrone, and Mr. Geo. Warren, of Clearfield County, were among the invited guests. Many beautiful presents were sent in, and a sumptuous feast was provided at the Habbershon home.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman's many friends will be glad to know that they are held in highest esteem by all their neighbors, and that they have done credit to the Philadelphia School of sign instruction, and to the religious teaching of past years. May God's blessing ever attend them. This is the prayer of their new and latest friend, FRANCIS JOSEPH CLERC.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

OCTOBER 6TH—EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, at 3 P. M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York. 49th Anniversary. Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Holy Communion.

Trinity Church, Newark.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will lecture on his recent visit to England and Scotland, on Tuesday, October 8th, at 8 P. M., in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

The 36th Anniversary of the C. L. A.

THE WEEK'S HAPPENINGS

And Other Interesting Items About the Deaf.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A simple but enjoyable celebration marked the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening, September 26th. The anniversary proper was on the 22d, but, that date falling on Sunday, it was decided to celebrate on the following Thursday.

A large attendance was present, when President Durian made the opening address. Rev. J. M. Koehler offered prayer and afterwards made an address. He did not attempt to give a history of the Association, but, in a happy way, referred to different matters in connection with the Association, which seemed to be greatly appreciated.

Mr. Michael Higgins, one of the original members of the Association and, therefore, the oldest member present, was next called upon, and he told about the early efforts, which resulted in the organization of the Association.

Addresses were also made by Mr. R. M. Ziegler, Miss Kate Keen, and Messrs. Thomas Breen, Wm. McKinney, J. S. Reider, and Washington Houston.

After the speechmaking, refreshments, consisting of cake and lemonade, were served to all present gratuitously. Thus was the anniversary celebrated—pleasantly and profitably.

The Social Committee, of which Mr. Thos. E. Jones is Chairman, had charge of the arrangements.

The picnic of the Clerc Literary Association to Maple Grove was held as arranged on Saturday last. It was well attended, but showers marred the pleasure of the picnicers to some extent in the afternoon and evening. Knowing that we could not attend it, we arranged with certain persons for a record of the events that occurred, but up to this writing our friends have failed to make report, so this account for this short notice of the picnic.

Mrs. Mary K. Lipsett, the mother of the well-known deaf-mute of this city, William H. Lipsett, died on September 24th, at the advanced age of 79 years. She had been in ill health for a long while, and finally found relief in death. Her husband died several years ago, so that two sons only survive her, one of whom is William.

The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from her deaf-son's residence. Rev. H. Cresson McHenry officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. M. Koehler. The interment was at Odd Fellows Cemetery. Mr. Lipsett has our sincere sympathy in his great bereavement.



### Another Laura Bridgeman.

MARIAN ROSTRON HAS JUST BEEN ADMITTED TO THE PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—After the long vacation the pupils of the Perkins Institution for the Blind began work again this morning, and the ancient building that was the pride of Dr. Samuel G. Howe's heart was alive again with young life and merriment. In the girls' department there were eighty-five pupils entered, and this number included four from the kindergarten and five new ones. One of the newcomers is Marian Rostron, a little auburn-haired girl from Fall River, who is blind, deaf and dumb. It meant something of a sacrifice to open the doors to this new girl, for every child who is so helpless needs the entire attention of a teacher, and as the teacher must have a room by herself the room that would have been used for two pupils is turned over to her, and thus one child in reality occupies the space that could have been used by three. But the seriousness and importance of these cases are fully appreciated by Mr. Anagnos, and ever since the day when Dr. Howe discovered a new world to Laura Bridgeman the institution has done all in its power to rescue every soul so handicapped from an existence that would be worse than chaos. Utterly isolated from the sound of the human voice and forever shut from the sight of all that is beautiful, it would be only a little while before the immature mind would lose its individuality and the illumination of the intellect would gradually fade out. That is exactly what would have been the predicament in the case of Marian Rostron. Until seven years of age she attended the public school, but gradually her powers of sight and hearing failed, and it has been five years since she has had any intellectual training. This morning she was all excitement over the opening of school, and kept close to her teacher's side, for her launching into the strange world would have been a dreary affair had there been no sympathetic hand to continually pat assurance and lead her faltering steps aright in the maze of stairs and winding ways.

Her first writing lesson was a serious problem to her. The writing tablet, paste-board with strongly indented lines, was placed in her hands, and a sheet of paper over it; but it was not a long time before, even with the teacher's guidance, she could just catch the idea of letter formation. Finally she was led from one girl to another, who was also struggling at the table with a writing lesson, and being instructed just how to lay her hand lightly upon the hand of the writer while it was in action, she soberly paid attention for a few moments, then gave half an audible chuckle of triumph, and, returning to her task, demonstrated quickly that she had caught the idea. There was no more earnest pupil than she, as she laboriously bent to the task, and every time her teacher patted her hand in approval she laughed.

It was found necessary to engage a teacher for Marian, and so it happens that Miss Fortbush, a graduate of the State Normal School at Framingham, is her eyes, ears and voice. Marian's facial expression indicates that she has a sweet and amiable disposition, and is quite as full of fun as the average girl. She has a fine physique. There are now five blind, deaf and dumb pupils at the institution. They are Thomas Stringer, Elizabeth Robbin, Edith Thomas, Cora Crocker and Marian Rostron. Last April Cora Crocker was admitted, and a very interesting little character she has proved to be. She is fair, with delicate complexion, golden hair and blue eyes. Her home is in Pittsfield. Until entering the institution she had never been taught to express herself, but, being clever, she had acted out everything, until now it is a difficult matter to get her to use the plodding way of receiving and giving messages by the hand. This morning she spent three hours with her own particular teacher reviewing all the words that she knew. As soon as she got an inkling of the meaning of the word as it was spelled out she would look intensely interested, and the instant the meaning dawned upon her she acted its meaning. As, for instance, the word drum came up, but before it was completely spelled Cora was drumming in wild spirits on the table and laughing hilariously in a voice that was exultant in spite of its harshness. She is a very nervous child, and speaks with lightning-like rapidity, but only her teacher would probably understand her.

### OBITUARY.

FRANK RAY LINDSAY.

After a ten days illness of typhoid fever, at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Mollie Lea, in Jackson, N. C., little Frank Ray Lindsay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lindsay, left the earth to join the angels above. Kind friends and relatives watched the bedside, and all that could be done by loving hands was done for

his recovery, but God had other use for him, and early on the morning of September 13th, his spirit flew to its Maker.

Ray was an exceptionally bright little fellow, a creature too pure for this world of sin and vice, he was transferred to Paradise. For four years he gladdened and blessed the home of his parents, and all their hopes were centered in him, and now his death has plunged the hearts of all into grief and gloom, but they sorrow not as others who have no hope, knowing that their little one is safe in the arms of Jesus, in one of the many mansions above, where he has rest, sweet rest. Heaven will now seem nearer and dearer to them since it retains their treasure. The burial took place near Charlottesville, Va., at 5 P.M., on September 14th, and the little mound was covered with lovely flowers.

The little crib is empty now,  
The little clothes laid by;  
A mother's hope, a father's joy,  
In Death's cold arms doth lie.

Another little lamb is gone,  
To dwell with Him who gave;  
Another little darling babe  
Is sheltered in the grave.

God needed one more angel child,  
Amidst his shining band;  
So He bent with loving smile,  
And clasped dear little Ray's hand.

M. A. R.

### WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Rev. H. Smielau, a newly-ordained missionary of the Episcopal Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, was at Christ Church last Tuesday night. Most of the deaf-mutes of this city were there.

Mrs. John McDermott, mother of Miss Mary McDermott, fell down a flight of stairs at her home last week. Her hip was dislocated and her face and body badly bruised. She is doing as well as could be expected, considering the shock and injuries attendant upon the accident. She is sixty-five years old. The funeral train of the late William McKinley passed through this city from Buffalo to Washington. It stopped here for five minutes. President Roosevelt was recognized by quite a number of people, but made no response to the recognitions as he stood on the rear platform of the train. Many pennies and nickels were put on the rail in memory of McKinley. One man put one five-dollar gold piece on it.

Messrs. Chas. W. Longenberger, Geo. W. Ponnsmith went to Watson last Sunday morning to see the former's mother, who got injured recently. They expect to see their old friends at Muncy, Pa., before returning home.

Miss Marion Hall, of Halls, was at Mrs. Chas. Longenberger's home last Saturday.

Messrs. Augustus Hinz, Charles Allen and William H. Riegler, enjoyed the play "Evil Eye" two weeks ago. The performance is a laugh producer from start to finish. The Kennard Brothers, as "Nid and Nod," are clever pantomimists. The Company is a fine one.

The Locomotive Works where deaf-mutes are working, may be closed next week. They can have two weeks' vacation, and they expect to see their friends with their carpet bags as they please.

The Locomotive County Fair was held in this city two weeks ago.

W. H. R.

### President McKinley Lying in State at the Eden Musee.

The most impressive and realistic wax group ever made has just been placed on exhibition at the Eden Musee. It represents the body of President McKinley lying in state in the Capitol at Washington. The whole Eastern side of the large Central Hall is given up to this group. In front of a black background rests a casket containing a wax representation of President McKinley. This casket is an exact duplicate of the one in which the President was buried and was made by the same workmen. It is copper-lined and trimmings are exactly the same as in the original casket, even to the figures on the satin pillow. The features of the late President were modelled by artists who visited Washington and are wonderfully perfect. The clothes were made by the same tailors who made the ones used for burial, and even every particular was closely looked at, including the Loyal Legion button in the coat lapel. Two guard rails draped in black are in front of the open casket, and visitors pass between them to view the wax representation. Above the casket an American shield is fastened in the folds of black. The scene in the Central Hall is as solemn and impressive as can be imagined. Visitors tiptoe about the hall and hardly a whisper is heard. Many affecting scenes have been witnessed since the group was placed on exhibition. In the Winter Garden the orchestra each afternoon and evening sing "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light." Moving pictures are shown of the Pan-American Exposition and the one most eagerly watched is the one showing President McKinley speaking on the Exposition grounds the day before he was assassinated. It is one of the most perfect moving pictures ever taken. The President

walks upon the platform leading his wife whom he escorts to a front seat. Then President Milburn rises and introduces the President. The hero rises, bows to the audience and then speaks for five minutes. Every movement is natural and he seem to be only a few feet away so that every motion of his lips can be seen. This picture will become a historic one and is well worth a visit to the Musee to see. Other interesting moving pictures are shown hourly.

### The Penmanship of Authors.

Is there any connection between the cast of a writer's mind and his handwriting? asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Thackeray was one of the neatest of writers and boasted that if other trades failed he could get his living by writing the Lord's Prayer on a shilling. Keats wrote like a clerk, and Gray, Tom Moore, Leigh Hunt and Sir Walter Scott all used running hands, which were legible without any marked characteristics. The same may be said of the writings of Anthony Trollope and Professor Tyndall, none, perhaps, of these writers being much given to subtlety of expression.

Caryle, on the other hand, is said to have produced the most untidy and awful scribble that ever puzzled a compositor, and Victor Hugo, Browning and Tennyson were nearly as bad. Yet, although this looks as if there might be some sort of a rule in such matters, we find Napoleon, who certainly never failed in directness of expression, writing a hand that he could not read himself, and Macready, the actor, whose order for the theater was once taken for a prescription for a cough mixture.

One thing seems pretty certain—that the mere size of the letters has little to do with character.

### The Fishing Otter.

The otter used by Scottish poachers is one of the most deadly fishing instruments known. In some waters it is far more effective than a net. It may be described as a water kite, which serves to take out over the water a line bearing 50 or more flies. The otter itself is a floating piece of board leaved along one edge to keep it upright. The poacher walks along the side of loch or river, letting out the fly-decorated line as he goes, the otter board gradually working out toward the center. An enormous area of water is fished at one time and numbers of fish are killed.

"Tommy, how did you get the back of your neck all sunburnt?" "Pullin' weeds in the garden." "But your hair is all wet, my son." "That's perspiration." "Your vest is on wrong side out, too." "Put it on that way a-purpose." "And how does it happen, Tommy, dear, that you have got Jakey Du Bois' trousers on?" (After a long pause): "Mother, I cannot tell a lie. I've been a swimmin'."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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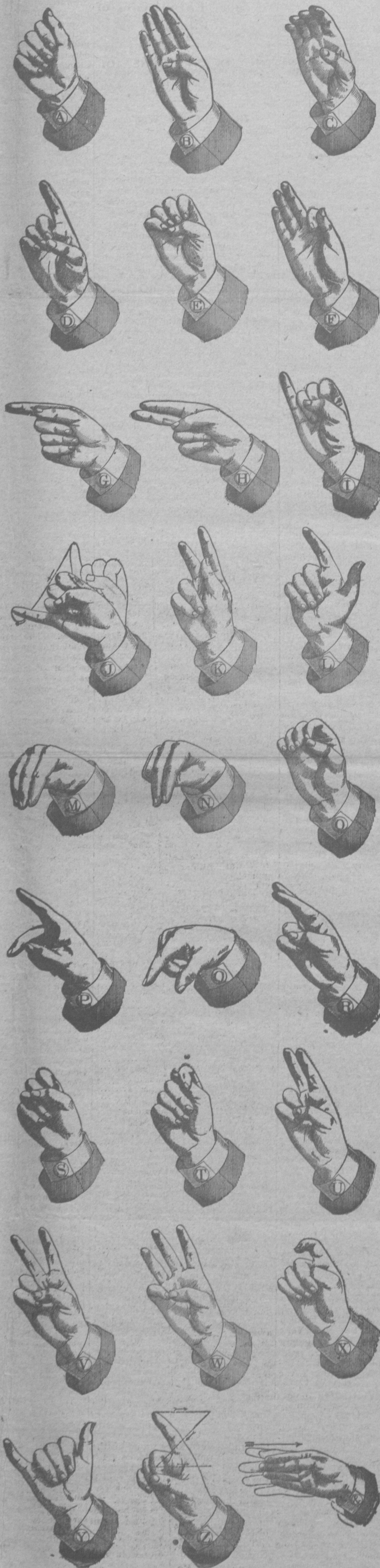
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